



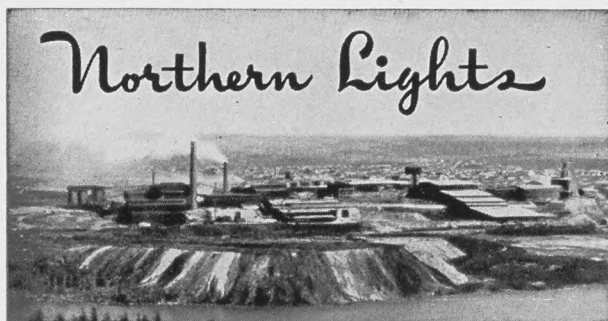
*Northern Lights*

MARCH 1952

VOL. II, NO. 1







# Northern Lights

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GEORGE MAINWARING, Editor.

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VOL. 11

MARCH, 1952

No. 1

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## Editorial

### MORALS AND PROSPERITY

WE are indebted to the American Economic Foundation for reminding us again of some plain facts of life, simple truths which are so obvious that we are in danger of becoming indifferent to them.

The connection between morals and prosperity is simple, clear and certain. Moral people feel compelled to live up to their obligations, put in an honest day's work, or, on the other hand, pay an honest day's wage. These are some of the reasons why they plan better, produce more, make the best use of their raw materials and tools, and, as a result, are more prosperous.

On the other hand, a dishonourable attitude towards obligations, dishonest values in work bring mutual suspicion.

A lot has been said about our free enterprise system and the prosperity it has created, but very little about the principles which made that system work. Actually it was the moral foundations of our free enterprise system that enabled us to become one of the few prosperous nations in the world. It was thought sinful to steal, so the people accepted the responsibility of creating their own wealth and did not ask the government to take part of what other people had created and give it to

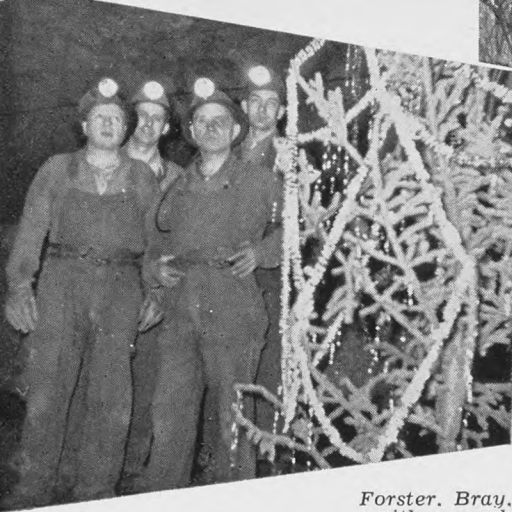
them. It was thought sinful to be slothful, so the people accepted their moral obligation to be honest workers and to do the best of which they were capable. It was thought sinful to cheat, so when people made contracts and promises, they expected to live up to them and demanded that the other parties do the same. It was considered sinful to be wasteful, so the people accepted their obligation to be thrifty and to use their extra earnings to build up their community and their nation.

It is discouraging to note a tendency these days to disregard the high moral principles on which our present prosperity is founded. We find, for instance, that honourable men are considered old-fashioned, behind the times. "Something-for-nothing" has become almost a respectable ambition. Unfortunately for sinners of all kinds, the wages of their sins are not usually immediate; time must pass before its physical results are felt. As individuals they may have done little wrong, but the mass guilt of economic immorality cannot be avoided by blaming it on the "will of the people."

There is a destiny which shapes our ends, based on the simplest natural laws. If we are faithful to the code which tells us that honesty is the best policy, we can be sure that our economic needs will be well taken care of. There is almost a selfish materialistic advantage in morality. It is the only "smart" way to live. A nation of honest people cannot be cheated, while dishonest nations cheat themselves. Human beings may pass laws by the thousand in an effort to make economic immorality decent, and may even, for a while, believe such laws to be effective. But inevitably, in the long run, we will reap the whirlwind of our sowing.

As John Jewkes, British economics professor said, on his return from a trip to America, "is it conceivable that the people, having provided so strong a proof of the virtues of a free economy, are gradually becoming unaware of, or indifferent to, the secrets of their own greatness?"

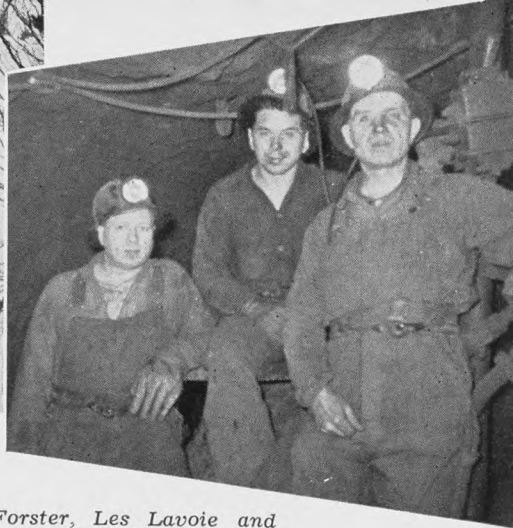




Forster, Bray, Sabo and Switzer with a symbol of Christmas, underground.



Gene Gagne picked this one off near Cranberry.



Hope Forster, Les Lavoie and John Sabo.

## MINE

R. G. ASH



THE biggest event happening around the Mine for about two weeks prior to and during the three weeks it takes place, is the Mine Curling Bonspiel.

This year was a record 'spiel in every respect—our prizes were bigger and better than ever, our entry 77 rinks, was the largest ever recorded for a Plant Bonspiel, and the crowds watching our games filled the stands and bulged the sides of the waiting room.

Five or six years ago you could look over the entries in the Mine Spiel and could pretty well pick out who the winner would be. Fellows like Perry, Aspevig, Harrell and Coombs were almost sure to be among the winners. But times have changed—now the unexpected is almost sure to happen; dozens of times during the spiel, the rinks you think haven't a chance, beat you.

A few of the highlights of this year's event were: the victory of Hans Van Ben-then and his rink over 'Zeke' Nowosad's foursome; the five-ender Mike Chlan had

to make and did make to defeat Joe Ciprick on the last end; the defeat of Nick Iannone after being nine up on Dixon; three girls taking part in the spiel; the good sportsmanship of all those taking part; Joe Lavergne defeating McCallum; the early defeat of rinks skipped by Ed Hammill, Bob Coombs and last year's Main Event winner, Bob McDowell; the exceptionally good curling; LeBlanc's defeat of the same rink twice; and of course, the merry making of the jovial miners.

Pete Wiebe, skip, with Ed Coates, Jack Chrisp and Wilf Lipton came out on top of this record spiel. They received Gladstone bags which were donated by the Wheel Trueing Co., and also individual cups donated by Sandy Morrice for their hard work. They also have the great honour of representing the Mine Department for the Green Trophy.

Pete's rink defeated Jack Betteridge and his men. Jack had A. Stephansson, Lynn Roberts A. Eyres curling for him. They (Continued on page 34)

Regular meetings with the union are a feature of the Mine Dept.



Mine Office staff, Josie Reinhardt, Margaret McGilvray, Bob Ash and Chas. Robillard.







Pete Wiebe's rink won the Mine Bonspiel over Jack Betteridge's foursome.



Consolation honours were won by Harry Murray's rink, here being congratulated by Ed Hammill.



Bob Blair's rink took 3rd place. Charlie Robillard congratulating.



The Hard Luck prize winners get condolences from Archie Welsh.

Consolation for . . .



defeated rinks . . .



turned arm chair strategists.





# COMMUNITY CLUB

JOHNNY MULHALL

THE winter season again has proven most active by the many branch clubs and facilities at the main hall and Jubilee are taxed to the limit. Surprising how many meetings, etc., are scheduled each week. The Army along with two parades have a full time attendant occupying an office and a small canteen upstairs. Mrs. R. Milton holds a kindergarten class several days, Badminton one or two evenings and Sundays. Basketball holds the floor part of several evenings along with the Boxing Club. The Camera Club have the use of a small room in Jubilee Hall at all times and meet the first Monday of each month. The "Sewing Room" is booked several days a week for meetings and farewells. The Hobby Club in the main building is open to members every day from 10 a.m. until 10 p.m. for machine work. Teen Canteen fills the Jubilee every Friday and has proven to be a wonderful idea.

The Glee Club are rehearsing for their spring show — another Gilbert and Sullivan production, "The Gondoliers." Who knows they may bring forth another star. John Vickers and Jock Dunbar who were recently heard on cross-Canada hook-ups with Sir Ernest McMillan and Singing Stars of Tomorrow, were a part of the local Glee Club for several years.

Miss Ruby Arndt is having great success in Willowvale and Birchview with dancing classes and the Good Neighbour night. The old time dances and square dancing are coming back. The tumbling and physical fitness groups have been very quiet, but are being taken over by Jack Eden and several helpers. Of course the severe weather tends to slow down the activities in the younger groups. This has been very noticeable in the open air rinks but the organized hockey in the Main Arena is having a banner year. In the Pee Wee League ten teams play Saturday morning: the Midget League operates with six and

the Juvenile is made up of three teams. The Commercial League and Junior Bombers round out the hockey set-up. Again this season a Senior All-Star team was picked and made quite a tour to the south, playing several games in North Dakota and one at Fort Frances. The Juniors are now resting in cellar position of the Northern Saskatchewan League. Must be a case of the body is willing but the spirit is lacking. However, this humble fan predicts a closing drive to the finals of our play-offs and on into the Western play-offs.

The Executive just returned from the annual trek to Island Falls via bombardier and again were royally entertained by the Falls' people. In the playoff for the 7th Generator Trophy, which we won last year by a one-point margin, the Powerhouse lads proved to be just that and after 1088 rocks had been tossed and swept, had trounced the tar out of the Community Club Executive by at least 25 points on total score. No alibis, but what can you do with a man who yearly comes out of retirement, doesn't bother to clean his rocks and still monopolizes the four-foot circle. Maybe we didn't do enough sweeping. Congratulations and many thanks for the great show of hospitality and sportsmanship; will try again next year.

The Willow Park Curling Club came up with double winners in the District play-offs of the McDonald Brier. Mrs. Bus Ketchen's rink winning the Flin Flon section and going on to win a Manitoba District play-off spot at the Brandon 'Spiel. Mrs. Bob Ash played third, Mrs. Ed Longmore second and Mrs. Harry Evans tossed lead rocks. Not to be outdone by his wife, Ed Longmore skipped his Willow Park entry of Cy Gilmour, third; Alec Chisholm, second, and Willard Copeland, lead, to final victory in the local three club play-offs against Ernie Hutchinson, Ross Lake, and

(Continued on page 11)





*Bill Tindal and Margot during the festival season.*

*Betty Smith, Logan Ayre, Bernice Forster, Ed Rummery, Reg Blake, Joan Aston, in underground hoe-down.*

*Roy Emman, "roarin'" game enthusiast.*

*Looks like an out-turn leaving Ed Rummery's hand.*



*Fairlie Allen, charming addition to Winnipeg Office Staff.*



## WINNIPEG OFFICE

A. GILLIES

CHRISTMAS and New Year's are over for another year now and things have settled back to normal once again. The staff Christmas party was held this year at the home of Reg. Blake. We all thank Mrs. Blake for allowing us the use of her home and helping us to make the annual event so successful. The square dance was a big success and we also played the usual party games and ended up with roast turkey, ham and all the trimmings. Thanks to everyone who helped to arrange the affair and make it run so smoothly.

The annual New Year's curling game took place this year again and Mr. Macdonald again conquered Mr. Weber. Next year we will have to see that things turn out differently. In the weekly office curling games Art Young has the lead at the present with Mr. Weber and Stu Hayward tying for second place. Ed Rummery has had a rather long run of bad luck and is trailing in the last spot.

Dolores Loewen returned from her holidays after New Year's and seems to have had a really nice visit at the Mine. Mr. McGilvray was kind enough to take her around and show her different places of interest and Dolores felt that the trip was well worthwhile.

Mr. Ayres has recently returned from

the Mine also, and he too enjoyed his stay there very much.

A few of the staff have joined the Winnipeg Badminton Club this year. Bill Tindal, Betty Smith, Betty Evans, Shirley Clint, Joan Aston and Erma Hamilton are all members although none of them seem to spend much time down there. I think that there is a much bigger girls' membership there than boys which might explain the girls' attitude. But what about Bill? Oh yes, he is just newly married and his wife belongs to the Club too.

Shirley Clint became engaged to Doug Lowery recently and seems to be quite pleased with herself. Best of luck, Shirley. I understand that the date for the wedding has not been set yet but probably next fall will be the time.

Bernice Forster of the Accounting Department sang in "Sweethearts" and judging from the number of tickets that she sold around the office, must have had a packed house. It's nice to know that your friends are in the audience.

Due to a scarcity of snow there has not been very much skiing this winter but there is enough down now for a good base and with one good snowfall we should have some real action. Your reporter has

(Continued on page 39)



## NAVAL REUNION

During the month of January a mobile Naval Recruiting Unit arrived in Flin Flon from H. M. C. S. "Chippawa," Winnipeg, in charge of Lt. Cmdr. W. E. Mason, together with C. P. O. Sewell and L./S. Montgomery. After meeting some of the ex-matelots around the Legion Hall it seemed only fitting that some sort of a "do" take place. And it did. An impromptu smoker and general evening of entertainment was quickly arranged and some sixty odd Naval Vets attended and had a bang-up reunion. Our visiting "sailormen" all had an opportunity of telling us of the new streamlined Navy and the careers open to those now joining the "Silent Service." Shades of Nelson — guess the new Navy "ain't what she used to be."

Cde. Jimmy Wardle capably looked after the emceeing of the program. After Lt. Cmdr. Mason got his well-appreciated talk off his beribboned chest, Chief Sewell unreeled a film on Naval life as it is today. A lot of talent was revealed in the singing of some of the old "North Atlantic" chanteys (?).

During the meeting a committee was formed, headed by Win Lowry, to arrange for future get-togethers of this nature. A letter of thanks and appreciation has since been received from Lt. Cmdr. Mason. They were a grand bunch of fellows and I'm sure we would all be glad to see them back again.

## BIRTHDAY PARTY

This new monthly affair got off to a good start in January, with Cde. Lyn Roberts in charge of arrangements. Although not all the members whose birthdays occurred in January turned out, a very sociable evening was enjoyed by those who did. Jimmy Wardle, Pete Stevenson and Walter Hlady were responsible for the entertainment and did a fine job.

Cde. Ted White was the oldest birthday member present and Bill Maluta the youngest. Ted ended up by winning the birthday cake.

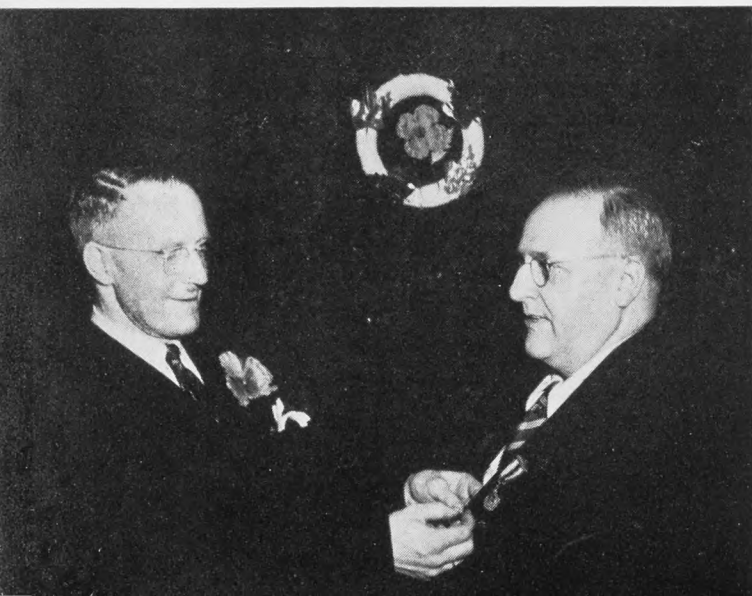
## CURLING

Well, our annual Legion Bonspiel has come and gone, and I guess the only skip who can say, "I told you so," is Phil Row. He won it. However, he didn't do it alone, as he had the capable assistance of Cdes. F. Krepps, Lyn Roberts and Ruth Alcorn.

In winning the Consolation event, Cde. "Zeke" Nowasad had the stalwart aid of F. Norquay, W. Wingert and Pearl Oswald.

Something of an innovation was created during this 'Spiel in that it was the first time that the fair sex had participated. The entire Bonspiel was quite a success and prizes will be awarded the winners at a wind-up smoker.

*President Sparling presents past president's badge to Comrade R. Donald.*



*The Ladies Auxiliary made an exceptionally good job of catering.*







Lt. Commander L. G. Main of HMCS "Chippewa" gave us a stirring address on Remembrance Day.



Branch Padre Ven. Archdeacon Horsefield.



Comrade Lockhart, Provincial Command.



Comrade Setterington, chairman, Remembrance Day banquet.

## BOWLING

The Five Pin Mixed Bowling League is in full swing and there seems to be a lot of keen competition among the various teams. A remote control tournament with our sub-branch at Island Falls is said to be in the offing.

## BASKETBALL

The branch will again sponsor the "Legionettes" basketball team this season. In case you may have forgotten, they still are the Manitoba Junior Champions and will be defending their title this spring. The Sports Committee is trying hard to arrange for the championship games to be played in Flin Flon this year.

If this results it should create a lot more interest in our own "Legionettes" whose record over the past few years is a mighty fine one and of which the branch can be justly proud. The girls themselves are working hard to raise funds for their expenses by holding dances, raffles, teas, etc. Best wishes and good luck, girls!

## AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

The heaviest penalty for bigamy is two mother-in-laws . . . People who squawk about their income taxes may be divided into two classes — men and women . . . The average man is a dame fool . . . You can never tell about a woman, and if you can, you shouldn't . . . Swallowing false pride will never give you indigestion.

Among the many social activities taking place around the hall this winter a new one has been added. It might be termed a Membership Dance. In any event its a buckshee social evening and dance, promoted by the branch, for paid-up members and their wives or girl friends. The idea

being to encourage a better method of acquaintance among the members. So far they have been quite successful and should continue to do so. Let's take 'em, fellas, and enjoy some fun.

Cde. Bert Johnson, our enegetic and go-getting Sports Chairman, reports a CRIB-BAGE Tournament now under way. This ever-popular game has always been a favorite around the hall and the winner will sure have to know his "fifteen-two's" to beat down the other aspirants claiming the title. Incidentally the thanks of this corner must go to Cde. Johnson for his contribution of sports copy in this write-up.

And now we regretfully say good-bye to Lord Alexander who has been our beloved and respected Governor-General of Canada and Grand Patron of the Canadian Legion for the past several years. He leaves Canada, contrary to a resolution from our own branch which would have him remain as Governor-General for his lifetime, to take up greater responsibility in the United Kingdom. Being the true soldier that he is, he will continue to serve his Queen and Empire whenever and wherever called. The affectionate good wishes of every Canadian Veteran must surely sail with him on his departure from this country.

## LAST POST

JOHN FARMER GRAY

FIFTH WILTSHIRE BATALLION  
WORLD WAR 1

September 8th, 1894  
January 10th, 1952



# To the Ladies

## How to wash sheets to make them last longer



Just enough  
soap

- (1) Go over sheets carefully. Mend any rips and remove any stains.
- (2) Soak sheets and pillowcases **FIFTEEN MINUTES** in clear cool water. Hot water sets some stains. Long soaking sets dirt.
- (3) Soften **VERY** hard water with a commercial water-softener — or use borax. Experiment till you find how much softener your water needs; write down the formula for future reference.
- (4) Use a reliable soap or detergent and **HOT WATER** (about 140 degrees). **MAKE SURE SOAP IS DISSOLVED** before putting in sheets.
- (5) If you use a washing machine, whether it's the wringer, spinner, automatic or any other type, follow carefully the instructions given for your individual washer. Don't use more soap or detergent than is called for. Don't overload the machine. Don't wash sheets along with colored clothes.
- (6) If washing by hand, stir up a good suds before adding sheets. Tub should be no more than half full — **INCLUDING** sheets. It may be necessary to boil very soiled sheets. Wash sheets first — and then boil no longer than five minutes.
- (7) If sheets need it, give them a second soapy rinse, using warm water (120 degrees) and half as much soap as before.
- (8) Always lift sheets from water. Don't let dirty water strain through sheets — dirt and soap curds stay in.
- (9) Rinse sheets in clear, warm water **TILL THE LAST WATER IS CLEAR**. (Soap left in greatly shortens a sheet's life.) Starch lightly, for extra smoothness, if you wish.
- (10) If you use a commercial bleach, don't get solution too strong. Rinse thoroughly from sheets. If you use bluing, dissolve it thoroughly so you won't get a marbled effect, and shake sheets out loosely before putting them in, to avoid streaking. **SUNSHINE IS A FINE NATURAL BLEACH** — and gives sheets a nice fresh smell!
- (11) Wash **COLORLED SHEETS** separately from white sheets. Don't use boiling water or bleaches, ever. **HANG IN SHADE**.
- (12) See that sheets go through wringer straight and folded evenly — saves straining threads and avoids bad wrinkles.
- (13) Wipe off clothesline before hanging sheets. Give it an occasional bath in hot soapy water.
- (14) Fold sheet right side out, hem to hem. Hang lengthwise. Let hemmed edges hang over line a foot, and pin in three or four places. Hang pillowcases by folding hem over and pinning with three pins just below the hem.
- (15) Never hang sheets in a whipping wind. The constant flapping is hard on them.

wipe off  
clothesline





# How to iron sheets to make them last longer



(1) Take dry sheets off the line and fold evenly till you get around to ironing them.

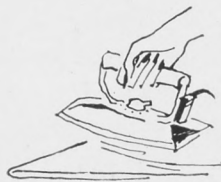
(2) Open sheets and cases out; then sprinkle lightly and evenly by hand or with a bottle that has a sprinkler top. Use WARM WATER — spreads faster through fabric. Roll sheets and cases individually for quick, even dampening.

(3) Make YOURSELF comfortable — have ironing board at right height — and don't use too heavy an iron. Fluff out ironing board pad every two weeks so that sheets aren't pressed against a hard surface.

(4) Iron sheets the same day you sprinkle them. If you let them stand too long, especially in damp weather, they can mildew beyond salvation.

(5) Use a moderately hot iron. If it has a control, turn it to "COTTON." NEVER LEAVE YOUR IRON. Patching's the only remedy for a bad scorch.

(6) Fold sheets evenly lengthwise, right side out. Iron on right side. Iron pillowcases from the closed corner toward the open edge — this helps avoid wrinkles.



(7) Don't press directly on fold. Lift the iron when you reach the very edge of the fold, and press it in your hand.

(8) Fold your sheet or pillowcase in halves one time; in thirds the next. This equalizes the wear at the folds — which may wear thin or crack if folded the same way each time.



(9) Leave sheets in an open room until all the dampness is out, before you put them away. Otherwise they might mildew if put in an unventilated closet.

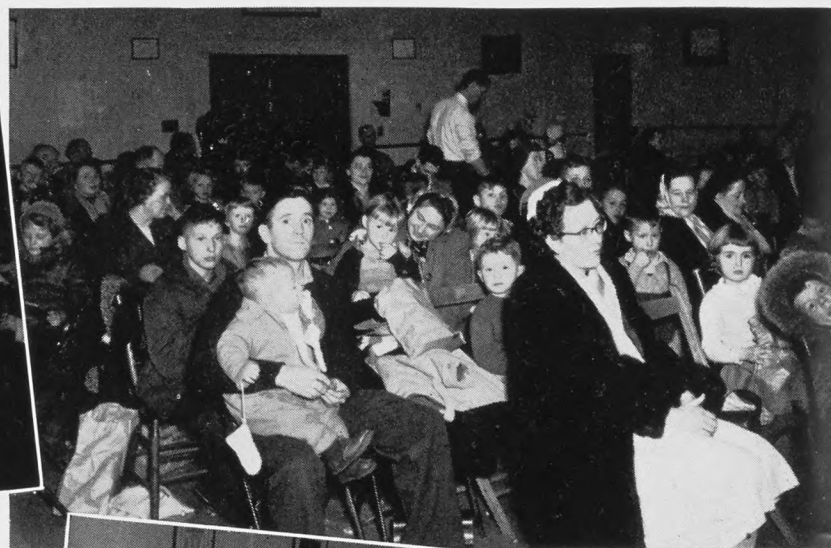
(10) If you have to store sheets for an indefinite length of time, put them away unironed, but freshly washed, thoroughly dry, and folded neatly. Wrap in a heavy dark cloth or strong paper, about six sheets to a package. New sheets, however, should be left in the original package until they are used. Choose a storage place where the temperature is fairly constant and not too humid. Clean goods kept dry will not mildew.







*Little daughter of Dave Evans views Santa with some misgiving.*



*Children of Mill employees at their annual Christmas Party.*



## MILL and CRUSHER

N. ROACH

**B**EST wishes to Jimmy McDonald from the Mill gang on his new position in far away Cyprus, in the Mediterranean. Jimmy came to the Mill in 1936 from Prince Albert. He was transferred to Emergency Metals at Mandy Mine in 1943, joined the Armed Forces that same year, going into the Army. After the war he returned to the Mill where he remained until January of this year. His wife and son are to join him at Cyprus in the late summer. Jimmy was an active participant in curling and a member of the B.P.O. Elks.

Congratulations to the executive of the Mill Recreation Club for a varied and in-

teresting winter's entertainment. Well over two hundred kiddies and parents had a gala time at the annual Christmas Party. What with the presence of Santa Claus, goodies for everyone and four films, the party was more than successful.

On a Sunday packed with ardent curling, twenty-two rinks played off in the Mill Bonspiel. Mac McCrimmon skipped his way to the Main Event with the stalwart assistance of Bud Stewart, Barry Clarke and J. Pelletier. In a hard fought game, Dave Robertson with Jim Donaldson, Ed Grandison and H. Kochaugen won out in the Consolation event. Runners-up in the Main event were Wilf Bur-



rows, W. Phillips and Fred Hollier, with E. Wakely, Bob Archer and Ted Farr coping prizes in the Consolation. To round up the winter's fun the club sponsored three highly enjoyed socials at the Lobstick.

Everyone in the Mill was delighted to hear of George McIntosh's remarkable recovery after his near-fatal illness in December. George, who hails from Wishaw, Scotland, came to the Mill in 1948. He went into the Army last year. His recent sudden illness necessitated his entry into Chorley Park Military Hospital in Toronto for the spectacular treatment which finally pulled him through. After 118 pints of blood had been consumed in transfusions, surgery finally halted the hemorrhage from a perforated stomach ulcer. He is now well on his way to complete recovery.

Mac McCrimmon reports that he had a fine time while attending the Nipawin Bonspiel. Jimmy McFarlane took the Flin Flon colors to Bowsman during the Goodwill Curling Meet in January.

Don Lockhart and O. Snelgrove traveled down to Birch River during the late fall hunting season for a successful deer hunt. Vic Michalkow and Frank Guymer tried their luck in search of moose near Athapap.

We were glad to see Jim Hill back with

us again after a lengthy eighteen-week illness due to a heart condition.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Alex Cobban on the birth of a daughter.

The best of luck to Wray Henderson who is now in the Assay Lab.

It is with deep regret that we mark the passing of John Gray, who had been associated with the company for over twenty years. John was born in 1894 in England and joined the company in 1930. He worked as a watchman and carpenter until he entered the Mill in 1947. He went into the company hospital in 1949 and after a lingering illness he was taken finally to Deer Lodge Hospital, Winnipeg, where he passed away on January 10th of this year. He is survived by his wife and his daughters, Valmai, Anne Rosemary and Harriet Jacqueline.

## COMMUNITY CLUB

(Continued from page 4)

Goldie Goldsmith from the Uptown Club. Eddie took in the Winnipeg 'Spiel, making a very good showing in the main events and also forced some of Manitoba's top-notchers to the limit before bowing out of the Brier Event. Alec Imrie upheld the name of local tossers in winning the Winnipeg Electric Trophy; with him were Al Ball, Earl Burkett and Lou (Tiny) Parres.

*Del Davis presents the S. P. Lowe cup to Mac McCrimmon, winner of the Mill Bonspiel.*



*George McIntosh, ex-Mill employee, with mother and nurse, after his long ordeal in hospital, where he received a record donation of 118 pints of blood.*



*This is the quantity of blood he received contributed by unnamed donors to save his life.*





# "Round About Town"

Pipe major Frank Stewart and Bert Kirkwood 'pipe' in the haggis, carried by Norma McLean.



Archdeacon Horsefield, John Wilson, Don Hay and Dot Milton at Rotary Club New Year's reception.

Alex More reports that H.B.A.T. combined aircraft have passed the 10,000 hour mark.



Eva Braden gave selections on the pipes.



Patricia Lowe entertained with the Highland Fling.



Miss Ina McLeod gives the 'Address to the Haggis'.



First helicopter to land at Flin Flon, December 1951.





Order of the Royal Purple celebrate their 21st Anniversary.



Collegiate winners of H.B.M. & S. trophy. Carole Rossington, Metro Lekopy, Dennis Bucher skip, Gwen Miller.



Winners of Consolation Event: Ray Adams, skip, Evelyn Garant, Jack Kenner, Mavis Hilliard.



Collegiate Event Winners: Ernie Rachuk, Keith Blair, Betty McArthur.



Retirement did not mean inaction for Albert Vollans who cleared two acres of land and is shown here harvesting a fine crop of oats north of '53.



Christmas Party for children of Greek Orthodox Church.



Harvest Thanksgiving—Greek Orthodox Church.

Geo. Newton will long remember this conversation with H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth (now Queen) at Rivers, Manitoba.



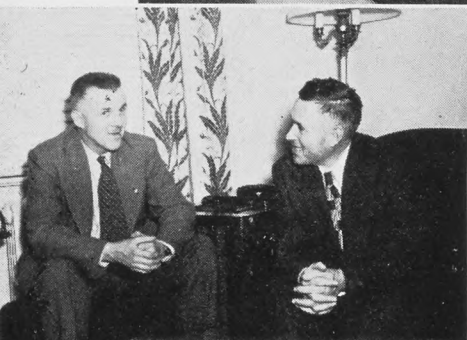


*This year marks the 25th Anniversary for most members of the honourable "27" Club.*

## FLIN FLON "27" CLUB



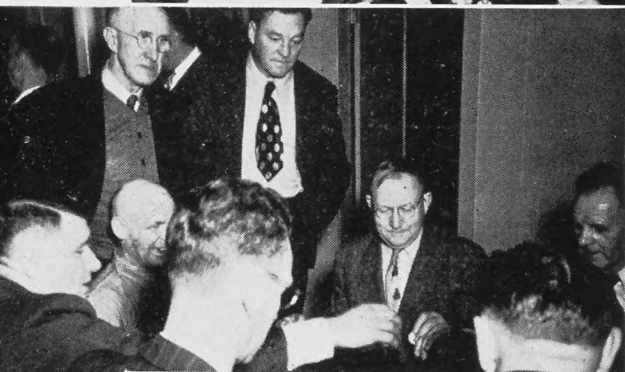
*Mesdames Tom Lamb, Jack Hone, W. A. Green, and A. H. Akert.*



*Many's the tale these two old-timers could tell of their experiences as bush-fliers.*



*Glen Rapson hits the jackpot. That's Albert Reaney in the background.*



*Eilert Hagen, standing, playing safe.*

*Ivor Heggmark, disinterested, not in the game. Cagey grin on Jack Hone's face indicates high hopes.*



A DELIGHTFUL innovation at the 20th Anniversary of the "27" Club in December last was the introduction of lady members, who have hitherto been excluded from this gathering of honourable old-timers. Mesdames W. A. Green, Jack Hone, A. H. Akert and Tom Lamb not only added charm to the occasion but brought recollections of incidents of a quarter century ago, every bit as interesting even if they were of a different quality from the tales one hears from the men.

There are few here now who can claim association with the Company since December 1, 1927, and to them, congratulations. It was with especial pleasure we observed Jack Hone and Tom Lamb, real bush pilots, swapping stories of the days when their frail craft landed on Flin Flon Lake where now the Open Pit lies open to the skies.



# MAIN OFFICE

ALEDA EAGLETON, HELEN MCCALLUM

WITH the Ghost-of-Curling for 1951-52 taking its place with the Ghosts-of-Curling for past years, to be brought back to life only to relive the "Sensational Shots," the gals and fellows of the Main Office are looking forward to dragging out the old stories about the "big one that got away."

Everyone is more than pleased to see Philomene Floch back in the Main Office after her year and a half in Ottawa. Welcome home, Philomene! Jessie McLeod of Durban, Manitoba, has replaced Marjorie Austring in the Steward's Office. Marjorie left us the first of the year to take up duties in her home.

Congratulations to Jean Dawson, a former faithful worker of Personnel, and her husband Doug of the Machine Shop, on the birth of their daughter, Cheryl Anne, on December 11, 1951. And also, congratulations to Ella Lyon of Accounting on the birth of her granddaughter, Barbara Leslie Little, on January 23rd. No doubt the names of these two little ladies are even now on a list in the Employment Office as prospective employees for the year 1970.

More congratulations . . . to Jean Jamieson, Jean Simons, Marg Mooney and Beatty Bowes. These girls are flashing diamonds on the third finger, left hand, and it looks as though we may be soon losing them to less-remunerative positions. All the happiness in the world to you, girls, and we hope that life may always be as happy for you as it is at the present time.

Ted Sparling and Harold Vance of the Pay Office, joined the other curlers in the Nipawin Bonspiel, but this year they had to come back in their old cars. Oh well, it was mighty big of you fellows to let some of the other curlers have a chance at the cars this year!

We are justly proud of our Jennie Hudon who has been awarded a gold signet ring

(Continued on page 34)

*Aye! and a bonnie lass is  
our own Norma McLean,  
That's haggis she's  
holding.*



*Geo. Monson, old time  
prospector operating  
blue-print machine.*

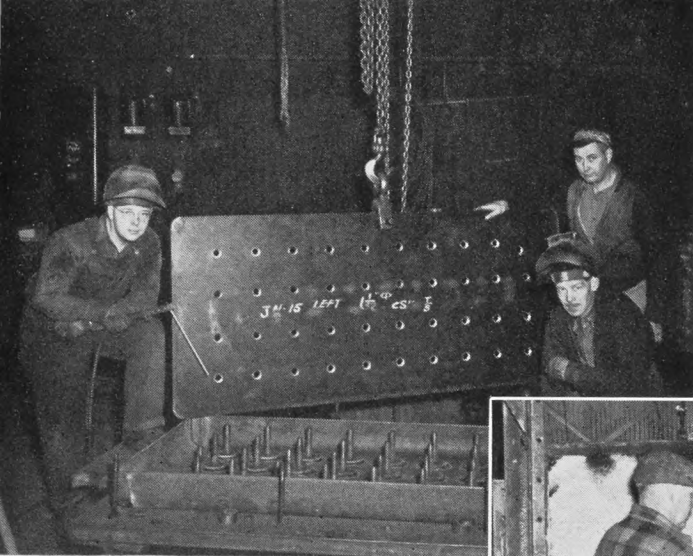


*Ina McLeod, Andy Maxwell and Prof.  
Grant MacEwan on Burns' Night.*



*And these are the pleasant ladies who  
serve the Staff House.*





*Hugh McBratney, Pete Thiessen and Fraser Cowie welding water jacket.*



*Making water jacket calls for top skill.*

*Jim Betteridge and Sid Hill place water jacket in annealing furnace.*



## MECHANICAL and CONSTRUCTION

C. R. DELGATTY

THE winter has been a busy one for the mechanical and construction departments. All branches of the shop have had a good deal to do with putting in readiness for operation several big projects.

The new duplex apartments are occupied and Assay and Research will soon be moving into more spacious quarters. Odds and ends include changes in the Coal Plant and Dryer, and the housing of pumps and blowers in the Fuming Plant.

But one of the biggest undertakings confronting the Mechanical Department, and the Smelting Department, is the designing and installation of a satisfactory type of water jacketed furnace wall for the Fuming Furnace. According to reliable information, there is a difference of 2200 degrees Fahrenheit between the molten slag in the furnace and the atmosphere, and the heat varies with each batch of slag. The

problem is to design a furnace wall that will withstand the stresses set up by these extremes in temperature, and yet, not burn out. The accompanying pictures show one type of water jacket under construction.

One of the highlights of the winter season, besides work, was the departmental bonspiel February 3rd. Phil Dion was secretary and organizer and reports a record entry of thirty-two rinks. Jim Cook with Vic Bowes, Harvey Rutley, and Mike Ploschansky, took top honours, defeating Fraser Cowie's foursome, Bill Chlan, Mike Kryschuk and Archie Smale, in the final of the Main Event. Consolation event honours went to Don Gummerson, with what was considered by the fair sex — the handsomest group of men on the ice, Gus Gillies, Shorty McMillan and Fred Pope. The rink skipped by Bert Wardle and including Tom Blenkinsop, Vern Storey and





*The wedding of Don Semple to Dorothy Dagg joins two old Flin Flon families.*



*Bill Tyshko and Mavis McNulty, two of Flin Flon's most popular young people were married December 29th.*

Ted Vermette, were runners-up. Apart from the fact that there was some good curling, there also existed throughout the day, a fine feeling of camaraderie and sociability. Mention should be made of the Pete Hume rink which again made a try for the cars at Nipawin Bonspiel. Although Pete is a foreigner to our department, Jimmy Cook and Bert McAree are not, and we congratulate them on their fine showing on reaching the round robin for the cars even though they (the cars) did elude them.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lindsay on the birth of a daughter. Also to welders Johnny and Alex Krassilowsky, who are proud fathers of new daughters.

A wedding of particular interest took place at Christmas time, of Donald J., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Dave Semple and Dorothy, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dagg.

The Carpenter gang, which for the past ten years has associated with Paddy Doyle

the friendly smile, will bid goodbye to him shortly, when he leaves to make his home in Edmonton.

Cyril Steventon, Boiler shop foreman for the past twenty years, town councillor for six years, and Mayor of Flin Flon for nine, was signally honoured recently by being elected president of the Manitoba Urban Association, at a general meeting held in Winnipeg. Congratulations, Steve, on your appointment to this worthy position. Having our own Mayor placed in a position where he can talk freely to mayors of other centres in the province, is indicative of the recognition our town is receiving by the 'outside' and bodes well for our future.

Another Christmas-season wedding of wide interest took place on December 29 when Bill Tyshko and Mavis McNulty were married. Congratulations and best wishes Mavis and Bill.

*The machine shop was well represented at the Rotary reception. Mayor Steventon, Fraser Cowie and Bill Hall.*



*The Harry Whitely family in a delightful Christmas setting.*

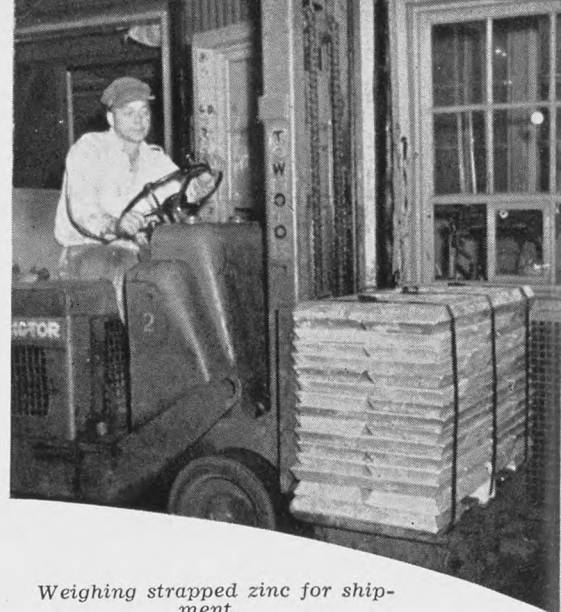




Stripping zinc from cathodes in tank room.



Pouring zinc—casting plant.



Weighing strapped zinc for shipment.



Consolation winners —  
F. Hart,  
M. Sturby,  
W. Kittle,  
R. Govenlock.

Zinc Plant  
Bonspiel Main  
Event winners.  
Howard Henry,  
skip; D. Shep-  
pard, A. Dodds,  
Al Abar.



## ZINC PLANT

MARIE MAHAN

THIS department is growing so large that it is difficult to keep up to date on vital statistics; we usually come up with at least one wedding and this time the lucky fellow is Ross Fraser. The very best of wishes, Norma and Ross. The proud fathers group include Johnnie Beauchamp, Bill Kowal, Martin Martinson, Jack Clark, Harvey Jackson, Len Sullivan and Jack Giest. Now that Don Davies and Pete Rysztynk have returned to work our sick and injured list has dwindled, leaving only our steno., Jean Tikkanen, recovering from an operation and pleurisy, and Gunnar Lindgren, who waits for his leg to mend.

We continue to lose a few men to other departments — Cece Nicholson to Research, Emery Rowlett and Glenn Washington to the Power House, Vern McKague to the Machine Shop, and Gordon Stewart to the Electricians. Among the replacements were three former Zinc Planters: Morley McKenzie who promptly became engaged to Jean Simons of Pay Office, Ralph Banting who has decided he doesn't want to be a farmer after all, and Thor Guttormsson, who finds this a fine place to while away some time he has to spare from his course in medicine.

The Air Force attracted Brian Whiting, and the Army, Leslie Fredeen and Adam Sedor. The Navy has promoted Rex Cutt to Stoker and he is presently off to the coast of Korea

(Continued on page 34)

Hats off to Rex Cutt who has been promoted to Stoker and is on active service off Korea on the Athabaskan.

Norma and Ross Fraser,  
a pleasant, happy couple.



Andy Biletski and Mrs. Biletski were married last October.





# SAFETY

N. IANNONE

QUOTING accident statistics and figures makes dull reading, according to the average workman, so, instead, we are going to mention some of the causes of accidents which were in the majority during the year 1951.

## FALLING OR SLIDING OBJECTS:

Let's quote a few accident reports: "The plank slid off the pile and struck me on the foot," "We were unloading the tank and as it slid forward my fingers were pinched," "I was barring down the muck pile when a rock rolled over and struck me on the leg," "The truck driver put on the brakes, the pump casing slid forward

way. Maybe we did not give the above instances much thought because no injury resulted. But there is no denying that even from a slight slip or fall statistics show how serious injuries have resulted with considerable lost time from work. A few precautions could prevent these accidents, such as practising good house-keeping, reporting defects in floors, cleaning up water, grease and oil immediately and not allowing scrap and waste materials to clutter up your working areas.

## SPRAINS AND STRAINS:

Yes, chiefly from lifting. Ask any employee in the plant if he knows how to



and struck me on the heels," "I looked up and a piece of dust struck me in the eye."

The above and many more similar accidents were reported and could easily have been avoided by better teamwork between employees, safe piling of materials, wearing protective equipment, blocking of equipment that may slide, and the handling of all materials in such a way so as to prevent injury to yourself and to the fellow that must sometime remove them.

## SLIPS AND FALLS:

Life is full of slips, falls, and mishaps and many times the bystander gets a laugh out of someone else's apparent awkwardness, but when the unfortunate individual fails to get up, our laughter changes to concern.

Our feet seem to get us into the most trouble. How often have we tripped on a slightly uneven spot in the floor, slipped on a little grease or oil, tripped over tools or other objects left around on the floor or ground, slipped on an icy road or path-

lift properly. Oh, yes, "bend the legs at the knees, take a well-balanced stance, take a good hold and lift with your leg muscles." In spite of this good answer, men suffer sore backs from lifting and often it was not due to any excessive weight of the object. We cannot emphasize too much that every man must not only know how to lift, but must put his knowledge into practice.

We've mentioned accidents that have happened, but now let's take the "near-misses," accidents that have almost happened, the close shaves that made you think your number was up.

Do you know what keeps a near-accident from being a real, serious accident? Usually, it's a split second of time, or a fraction of an inch of space. Thus we must remember that near accidents are sure signs that something is wrong and these signs must not be ignored. So let's keep our eyes open for the little things that go wrong, treat near-accidents as if they were bad accidents and root out the causes,



# FRANKLIN'S JOURNEYS to the POLAR SEA

*Captain Sir John Franklin,  
R.N., from a painting by  
Derby.*

“TO explore the Northern Coast of America, from the mouth of the Copper-Mine River to the eastward . . . to determine the latitude and longitudes of the Northern Coast of North America, and the trending of that coast from the mouth of the Copper-Mine River to the eastern extremity of that continent . . . to make every enquiry as to the situation of the spot from whence native copper had been brought down by the Indians to the Hudson’s Bay establishment . . . to make such observations as might be useful in a commercial point of view, or interesting to the science of mineralogy.”

Such were the instructions issued by His Majesty’s Government to Capt. John Franklin of the Royal Navy more than a hundred and thirty years ago.

His splendid record by sea and land, the fact that he was one of “Nelson’s men” and had fought at Copenhagen and Trafalgar, his feats as an explorer in the unknown wilds of North America and the torrid seas of Australasia, and, more than these, his high Christian courage and his devotion to the flag and country that he served — all had made of Franklin a hero

whom Britain was delighted to honor. His departure in 1846 with his two stout ships the *Erebus* and the *Terror* and a total company of one hundred and thirty men, including some of the ablest naval officers of the day, was hailed with high hopes that the mysterious north would at length be robbed of its secret. Then, as years passed and the ships never returned, and no message from the explorers came out of the silent north, the nation bent its energies towards the discovery of their fate. No less than forty-two expeditions were sent out in search of the mission ships. The efforts of the government were seconded by the munificence of private individuals, and by the generosity of naval officers who gladly gave their services for no other reward than the honor of the enterprise. The energies of the rescue parties were quickened by the devotion of Lady Franklin, who refused to abandon hope, and consecrated her every energy and her entire fortune to the search for her lost husband. Her conduct and her ardent appeals awoke a chivalrous spirit at home and abroad; men like Kane, Bellot, M’Clintock and De-Haven volunteered their services in the



cause. At length, as with the passage of years anxiety deepened into despair, and as little by little it was learned that all were lost, the brave story of the death of Franklin and his men wrote itself in imperishable letters on the hearts of their fellow-countrymen.

John Franklin belonged to the school of naval officers trained in the prolonged struggle of the great war with France. He entered the Royal Navy in 1800 at fourteen years of age, and within a year was engaged on his ship, the Polyphemus, in the great sea-fight at Copenhagen. During the brief truce that broke the long war after 1801, Franklin served under Flinders, the great explorer of the Australasian seas. On his way home in 1803 he was shipwrecked in Torres Strait, and, with ninety-three others of the company of H.M.S. Porpoise, was cast up on a sandbar, seven

hundred and fifty miles from the nearest port. The party were rescued, Franklin reached England, and at once set out on a voyage to the China seas in the service of the East India Company. During the voyage the merchant fleet with which he sailed offered battle to a squadron of French men-of-war, which fled before them. The next year saw Franklin serving as signed midshipman on board the Bellerophon at Trafalgar. He remained in active service during the war, served in America, and was wounded in the British attempt to capture New Orleans. After the war Franklin, now a lieutenant, found himself, like so many other naval officers, unable, after the stirring life of the past fifteen years, to settle into the dull routine of peace service. Maritime discovery, especially since his voyage with Flinders, had always fascinated his mind, and he now





*Interior of Cree Indian tent as seen by the Franklin party at Cumberland House, March 25th, 1820. Drawn by Lieut. Hood, R.N.*

offered himself for service in that Arctic region with which his name will ever be associated.

The long struggle of the war had halted the progress of discoveries in the northern seas. But with peace the attention of the nation, and of naval men in particular, was turned again towards the north. The Admiralty naturally sought an opportunity of giving honourable service to their officers and men. It was now recognized that the North-West Passage offered no commercial attractions. But it was felt that it would not be for the honor of the nation that the splendid discoveries of Hearne, Cook and MacKenzie should remain uncompleted. To trace the Arctic water-way from the Atlantic to the Pacific became now a supreme object, not of commercial interest, but of geographical research and national pride. To this was added the fact that the progress of physical and natural science was opening up new fields of investigation for the explorers of the north.

Franklin first sailed north in 1818, as second in command of the first Arctic expedition of the nineteenth century. Two brigs, H.M.S. Dorothea under Captain Buchan and H.M.S. Trent under Lieutenant John Franklin, set out from the Thames with a purpose which in audacity at least has never been surpassed. The new sentiment of supreme confidence in the navy inspired by the conquest of the seas is evinced by the fact that these two square-rigged sailing ships, clumsy and antiquated, built up with sturdy extra beams inside and iron bands without, were directed to sail straight north across the North Pole and down the world on the other side. They did their best. They went churning northward through the foaming seas, and when they found that the ice was closing in on them, and that they were being blown down upon it in a gale as on to a lee shore, the order was given to put the helm up and charge full speed at the ice. It was the only possible way to escape, and it



meant either sudden and awful death under the ice floes or else the piling up of the ships safe on top of them — “taking the ice” as Arctic sailors call it. The Dorothea and the Trent went driving at the ice with such a gale of snow about them that neither could see the other as they ran. They “took the ice” with a mighty crash, and when the storm cleared the two old hulls lay shattered but safe on the surface of the ice-pack. The whole larboard side of the Dorothea was smashed, but they brought her somehow to Spitzbergen, and there by wonderful patching enabled her to sail home.

The next year (1819) Lieutenant Franklin was off again on an arctic journey, the record of which, written by himself, forms one of the most exciting stories of adventure ever written. The design this time was to follow the lead of Hearne and MacKenzie. Beginning where their labours ended, Franklin proposed to embark on the polar sea in canoes and follow the coastline. Franklin left England at the

end of May. He was accompanied by Dr. Richardson, a naval surgeon, afterwards Sir John Richardson, and second only to Franklin himself as an explorer and writer, Midshipman Back, later on to be Admiral Sir George Back, Midshipman Hood, and one Hedburn, a stouthearted sailor of the Royal Navy. They sailed in the Hudson’s Bay Company ship Prince of Wales, and passed through the straits to York Factory. Thence by canoe they went inland, up the Hayes River, through Lake Winnipeg and thence up the Saskatchewan to Cumberland House, a Hudson Bay fort established by Samuel Hearne a few years after his famous journey. From York Factory to Cumberland House was a journey of six hundred and ninety miles. But this was only a beginning. During the winter of 1819-20 Franklin and his party made their way from Cumberland House to Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabaska, a distance, by the route traversed, of eight hundred and fifty-seven miles. From this fort the party, accompanied by Canadian

*Franklin Expedition crossing Lake Prosperous (north of Great Slave Lake), May 30, 1820.  
From a drawing by Lieut. Hood, R.N.*





*Franklin Expedition discovers the Coppermine River, Sept. 1, 1820. Drawn by Lieut. Hood, R.N.*

voyageurs and Indian guides, made their way, in the summer of 1820, to Fort Providence, a lonely post of the North West Company lying in latitude  $62^{\circ}$  on the northern shore of the Great Slave Lake.

These were the days of rivalry, and even open war, between the two great fur companies, the Hudson's Bay and the North-West. The Admiralty had commended Franklin's Expedition to the companies, who were to be requisitioned for the necessary supplies. But the disorders of the fur trade and the demoralization of the Indians, owing to the free distribution of spirits by the rival companies, rendered it impossible for the party to obtain adequate supplies and stores. Undeterred by difficulties, Franklin set out from Fort Providence to make his way to the Arctic seas at the mouth of the Coppermine. The expedition reached the height between the Great Slave Lake and the Coppermine, on the borders of the country which had been the scene of Hearne's exploits. The northern forest is here reduced to a thin growth of stunted pine and willow. It was now the end of August. The brief northern summer was drawing to its close. It was impossible to undertake the navigation

of the arctic coast till the ensuing summer. Franklin and his party built some rude log shanties which they called Fort Enterprise. Here, after having traversed over two thousand miles in all from York Factory, they spent their second winter in the north. 'Twas a season of great hardship. With the poor materials at hand it was impossible to make their huts weatherproof. The wind whistled through the ill-plastered seams of the logs. In the officer's room the thermometer, sixteen feet from the log fire, marked as low as fifteen degrees below zero in the day and forty below at night. For food the party lived on deer meat with a little fish, tea twice a day (without sugar), and on Sunday a cup of chocolate as the luxury of the week to every man. But, undismayed by cold and hardship, they kept stoutly at their work. Richardson investigated the mosses and lichens beneath the snow and acquainted himself with the mineralogy of the neighbourhood. Franklin and the two lieutenants carried out observations, their fingers freezing with the cold of forty-six below zero at noon of the brief three-hour day in the heart of winter. Sunday was a day of rest. The officers dressed in their best at-



tire. Franklin read the service of the Church of England to this assembled company. For the French-Canadian Roman Catholics, Franklin did the best he could; he read to them the creed of the Church of England in French.

The winter passed safely; the party was now entered upon the most arduous part of their undertaking. Canoes were built and dragged on improvised sledges to the Coppermine. Franklin descended the river, surveying its course as he went. He passed by the scene of the massacre witnessed by Hearne, and found himself, late in July of 1821, on the shore of the Arctic. The distance from Fort Enterprise was three hundred and thirty-four miles, for one hundred and seventeen of which the canoes and baggage had been hauled over snow and ice.

Franklin and his followers, in two canoes, embarked on the polar sea and traced the course of the coast eastward for five hundred and fifty miles. The sailors were as men restored to their own element. But the Canadian voyageurs were filled with dread of the great waves of the open ocean. All that Franklin saw of the Arctic coast encouraged his belief that the American continent is separated by stretches of sea from the great masses of land that had been already discovered in the Arctic. The North-West Passage, ice-blocked and useless, was still a geographical fact. Eager in the pursuit of his investigations he went on eastward as long as he dared — too long in fact. Food was running low. His voyageurs had lost heart, appalled at the immense spaces of ice and sea through which their frail canoes went onward into the unknown. Reluctantly Franklin decided to turn back. But it was too late to return by water. The northern gales drove the ice in against the coast. Franklin and his men, dragging and carrying one of the canoes, took to the land, in order to make their way across the barren grounds. By this means they hoped to reach the upper waters of the Coppermine and thence Fort Enterprise, where supplies were to

have been placed for them during the summer. Their journey was disastrous. Bitter cold set in as they marched. Food failed them. Day after day they tramped on, often with blinding snow in their faces, with no other sustenance than the bitter weed called *Tripe de Roche* that can here and there be scraped from the rocks beneath the snow. At times they found frozen remnants of deer that had been killed by wolves, a few bones with putrid meat adhering to them. These they eagerly devoured. But often day after day passed without even this miserable sustenance. At night they lay down beside a clump of willow, trying often in vain, to make a fire of the green twigs dragged from under the snow. So great was their famine, Franklin says, that the very sensation of hunger passed away, leaving only an exhaustion too great for words. Lieutenant Back, gaunt and emaciated, staggered forward leaning on a stick, refusing to give in. Richardson could hardly walk, while Lieutenant Hood, emaciated to the last degree, was helped on by his comrades as best they could. The Canadians and Indians suffered less in body, but, lacking the stern purpose of the officers, they were distraught with the horror of the death that seemed to await them. In their fear they had refused to carry the canoe, and had smashed it and thrown it aside. In this miserable condition the party reached, on September 26, the Coppermine River, to find it flowing still unfrozen in an angry flood which they could not cross. In vain they ranged the banks above and below. Below them was a great lake; beside and above them a swift, deep current broken by rapids. There was no crossing. They tried to gather willow faggots, and bind them into a raft. But the green wood sank so easily that only one man could get upon the raft: to paddle or pole it in the running water was impossible. A line was made of strips of skin, and Richardson volunteered to swim the river so as to haul the raft across with the line. The bitter cold of the water paralyzed his limbs. He was



*Winter travelling on Great Slave Lake. Drawn by Lieut. Back, R.N.*

seen to sink beneath the leaping waters. His companions dragged him back to the bank, where for hours he lay as if lifeless beside the fire of willow branches, so emaciated that he seemed a mere skeleton when they took off his wet clothing. Thus for days they waited. At last, with infinite patience, one of the Canadians made a sort of canoe with willow sticks and canvas. In this, with a line attached, they crossed the river one by one.

They were now only forty miles from Fort Enterprise, but their strength was failing. Hood could not go on. The party divided. Franklin and Back went forward with most of the men, while Richardson and sailor Hepburn volunteered to stay with Hood till help could be sent. The others left them in a little tent, with some rounds of ammunition and willow branches gathered for the fire. A little further on the march, three of Franklin's followers, too exhausted to go on, dropped out, proposing to make their way back to Richardson and Hood.

The little party at the tent in the snow waited in vain. Days passed, and no help came. One of three men who had left Franklin, an Indian called Michel, joined them, saying that the others had gone

astray in the snow. But he was strange and sullen, sleeping apart and wandering off by himself to hunt. Presently, from the man's strange talk and from some meat which he brought back from his hunting and declared to be part of a wolf, Richardson realized the awful truth that Michel had killed his companions and was feeding on their bodies. A worse thing followed. Richardson and Hepburn, gathering wood a few days later, heard the report of a gun from beside the fire where they had left Lieutenant Hood, who was now in the last stage of exhaustion. They returned to find Michel beside the dead body of their comrade. He had been shot through the back of the head. Michel swore that Hood had killed himself. Richardson knew the truth, but both he and Hepburn were too enfeebled by privation to offer fight to the armed and powerful madman. The three set out for Fort Enterprise, Michel carrying a loaded gun, two pistols and a bayonet, muttering to himself and evidently meditating on a new crime. Richardson, a man of iron nerve, forestalled him. Watching his opportunity, he put a pistol to the Indian's head and blew his brains out.



Richardson and Hepburn dragged themselves forward mile by mile, encouraged by the thought of the blazing fires and the abundant food that they expected to find at Fort Enterprise. They reached the fort just in the dusk of an October evening. All about it was silence. There no tracks in the newly fallen snow. Only a thin thread of smoke from the chimney gave a sign of life. Hurriedly they made their way in. To their horror and dismay they found Franklin and three companions, stretched out in the last stages of famine. "No word can convey an idea," wrote Dr. Richardson later on, "of the filth and wretchedness that met our eyes on looking around. Our own misery had stolen upon us by degrees and we were accustomed to the contemplation of each other's emaciated figures, but the ghastly countenances, dilated eye-balls, and sepulchral voices of Captain Franklin and those with him were more than we could bear." Franklin, on his part, was equally dismayed at the appearance of Richardson and Hepburn. "We were all shocked," he says in his journal, "at beholding the emaciated countenances of the doctor and Hepburn, as they strongly evidenced their

extremely debilitated state. The alteration in our appearance was equally distressing to them, for since the swellings had subsided we were little more than skin and bone. The doctor particularly remarked the sepulchral tone of our voices, which he requested us to make more cheerful if possible, unconscious that his own partook of the same key."

Franklin related to the new-comers how he and his followers had reached Fort Enterprise, and to their infinite disappointment and grief had found it perfectly desolate. There was no depot of provisions, as had been arranged, nor any trace of a letter or other message from the traders at Fort Providence or from the Indians. Lieutenant Back, who had reached the fort a little in advance of Franklin, had gone on in the hope of finding Indian hunters, or perhaps of reaching Fort Providence and sending relief. They had no food except a little tripe de roche, and Franklin had thus found himself, as he explained to Richardson, in the deserted fort with five companions, in a state of utter destitution. Food there was none. From the refuse heaps of the winter before, now buried under the snow, they dug out pieces of

*Spring at Fort Enterprise — snow melting on May 13, 1821. Drawn by Lieut. Back, R.N.*





*Bloody Falls camp near the mouth of the Coppermine River, July 17, 1821.  
Drawn by Lieut. Back, R.N.*

bone and a few deer skins; on this, with a little tripe de roche, they endeavoured to subsist. The log house was falling into decay. The seams gaped and the piercing air entered on every side with the thermometer twenty below zero. Franklin and his companions had tried in vain to stop the chinks and to make a fire by tearing up the rough boards of the floor. But their strength was insufficient. Already two weeks before their arrival at Fort Enterprise they had had no meat. It was impossible that they could have existed long in the miserable shelter of the deserted fort. Franklin had endeavoured to go on. Leaving three of his companions, now too exhausted to walk far, he and the other two, a Canadian and an Eskimo, set out to try to reach help in the direction of Fort Providence. The snow was deep, and their strength was so far gone that in six hours they only struggled four miles on their way. At night they lay down beside one another in the snow, huddled together for warmth, with a bitter wind blowing over their emaciated bodies. The next morning, in recommencing their march, Franklin stumbled and fell, breaking his snowshoe in the fall. Realizing that he could

never hope to traverse the one hundred and eighty-six miles to Fort Providence, he directed his companions to go on, and he himself made his way back to Fort Enterprise. There he had remained for a fortnight until found by Richardson and Hepburn. So weak had Franklin and his three companions become that they could not find the strength to go on cutting down the log buildings to make a fire. Adam the Indian, lay prostrate in his bunk, his body covered with hideous swellings. The two Canadians, Peltier and Samandre, suffered such pain in their joints that they could scarcely move a step. A herd of deer had appeared on the ice of the river near by, but none of the men had strength to pursue them, nor could any one of them, said Franklin, have found the strength to raise a gun and fire it.

Such had been the position of things when Richardson and Hepburn, themselves almost in the last stage of exhaustion, found their unhappy comrades. Richardson was a man of striking energy, of the kind that knows no surrender. He set himself to gather wood, built up a blazing fire, dressed as well as he could the swollen body of the Indian, and tried to bring



some order into the filth and squalor of the hut. Hepburn meantime had killed a partridge, which the doctor then divided among them in six parts, the first fresh meat that Franklin and those with him had tasted for thirty-one days. That done, "the doctor," so runs Franklin's story, "brought out his prayer book and testament, and some prayers and psalms and portions of scripture appropriate to the situation were read."

But beyond the consolation of a brave and devout spirit, there was little that Richardson could do for his companions. The second night after his arrival Peltier died. There was no strength left in the party to lift his body out into the snow. It lay beside them in the hut, and before another day passed Samandre, the other Canadian, lay dead beside it. For a week the survivors remained in the hut, waiting for death. Then at last, and just in time, help reached them.

On November 7, nearly a month after Franklin's first arrival at the fort, they heard the sound of a musket and the shouting of men outside. Three Indians stood before the door. The valiant Lieutenant Back, after sufferings almost as

great as their own, had reached a band of Indian hunters and had sent three men travelling at top speed with enough food to keep the party alive till further succour could be brought. Franklin and his friends were saved by one of the narrowest escapes recorded in the history of northern adventure. Another week passed before the relief party of the Indians reached them, and even then Franklin and his companions were so enfeebled by privation that they could only travel with difficulty, and a month passed before they found themselves safe and sound within the shelter of Fort Providence on the Great Slave Lake. There they remained till the winter passed. A seven weeks' journey took them to York Factory on Hudson Bay, whence they sailed for England. Franklin's journey overland and on the waters of the Polar sea had covered in all five thousand five hundred and fifty miles and had occupied nearly three years.

On his return to England Franklin found himself at once the object of a wide public interest. Already during his absence he had been made a Commander, and the Admiralty now promoted him to the rank of Captain, while the national recognition of

*The Arctic Sea, from the mouth of the Coppermine River, midnight, July 20, 1821.  
Drawn by Lieut. Back, R.N.*



his services was shortly afterwards confirmed by the honour of knighthood. One might think that after the perils which he had braved and the horrors which he had experienced, Sir John would have been content to retire upon his laurels. But it was not so. There is something in the snow covered land of the Arctic, its isolation from the world and the long silence of its winter darkness, that exercises a strange fascination upon those who have the hardihood to brave its perils. It was a moment too when interest in Arctic discovery and the advancement thereby of scientific knowledge had reached the highest point yet known. During Franklin's absence Captain Ross and Lieutenant Parry had been sent by sea into the Arctic waters. Parry had met with wonderful success, striking from Baffin Bay through the northern archipelago and reaching half-way to Bering Strait.

Franklin was eager to be off again. The year 1825 saw him start once more to resume the survey of the polar coast of America. The plan now was to learn something of this western half of the North American coast, so as to connect the discoveries of Sir Alexander Mackenzie with those made by Cook and others through Bering Strait. Franklin was again accompanied by his gallant friend, Dr. Richardson. They passed again overland through the fur country where the recent union of the rival companies had brought about a new era. They descended the Mackenzie River, wintered on Great Bear Lake, and descended thence to the sea. Franklin struck out westward, his party surveying the coast in open boats. Their journey from their winter quarters to the sea and along the coast covered a thousand miles, and extended to within one hundred and sixty miles of the point that had then been reached by explorers from Bering Strait. At the same time Richardson, going eastward from the Mackenzie, surveyed the coast as far as the Coppermine River. Their discoveries thus connected the Pacific waters with the Atlantic, with the exception of one hundred and sixty

miles on the north-west where water was known to exist and only ice blocked the way, and of a line north and south which should bring the discoveries of Parry into connection with those of Franklin. These two were the missing links now needed in the chain of the North-East Passage.

But more than twenty years were to elapse before the discoveries thus made were carried to their completion. Franklin himself, claimed by other duties, was unable to continue his work in the Arctic, and his appointment to the governorship of Tasmania called him for a time to another sphere. Yet, little by little, the exploration of the Arctic regions was carried on, each explorer added something to what was already known, and each hoping that the honour of the discovery of the great passage would fall to his lot. Franklin's comrade Back, now a Captain and presently to be Admiral, made his way in 1834 from Canada to the Polar sea down the river that bears his name. Three years later Simpson, in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, succeeded in traversing the coast from the Mackenzie to Point Barrow, completing the missing link in the Western end of the chain. John and James Ross brought the exploration of the northern archipelago to a point that made it certain that somewhere or other a way through must exist to connect Baffin Bay with the coastal waters. At last the time came, in 1844, when the British Admiralty determined to make a supreme effort to unite the explorations of twenty-five years by a final act of discovery. The result was the last expedition of Sir John Franklin, glorious in its disaster, and leaving behind it a tale that will never be forgotten while the annals of the British nation remain.

*First of two articles. Second will appear in June issue and will deal with Franklin's fate.*

*Acknowledgements and Sources—Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea, by John Franklin, Captain R.N., F.R.S.*

*Fate of Franklin and his Discoveries, by Captain M'Clintock, R.N., L.L.D.*

*Adventurers of the Far North, by Stephen Leacock.*

*Credit for illustrations as indicated in captions. Those not marked are from Franklin's Journey.*



# RESEARCH

R. BRUCE STEWART

WITH the new building rapidly taking form under the hands of the riggers, carpenters, electricians and plumbers, the Research crews have the pleasant prospect of spring and the removal of apparatus from the crowded rooms in present use to the more adequate facilities being prepared. The summer of 1952 will be a landmark in the department's history, a sort of coming of age and growing into full-sized breeches — so to speak.

With the prospects of expansion have come two new faces. Guy Bridgstock has been transferred from the Fuming Plant. Guy, a metallurgist from the London School of Mines first came to Canada on a summer study scholarship, and later came back with his family to make this country, and in particular Flin Flon, their home.

Don Treilhard, also from the Fuming Plant, has come to our staff. Don is a metallurgist from U. B. C. It is our sincere wish that Guy and Don will find their work and associations here most pleasant and agreeable.

You'll notice that the snapshots in this issue of Northern Lights Research write-up are mostly concerned with the "Spec-labbers." Jack Kirkbride, who leads this group, is the proud father of the department's only "vital statistics" for this issue. It's a girl, Catherine Joan, says Jack, who lived up to Fred Brien's precedent of a box of cigars for the boys. Congratulations, Mrs. Kirkbride and Jack!

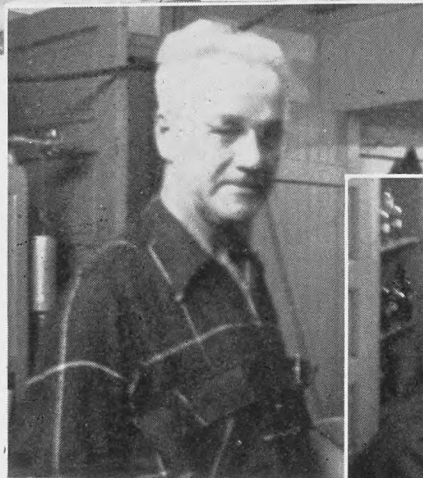
Assisting Jack in the lab are Steve Merrick, Sam Donoghue (used to be O'Donoghue, he boasts), Al Lyle, Henry Schellenberg and Gordon Brownridge. These fellows have been very busy during the last few weeks setting up and putting into operation a new system of analysis which, by the information it gives, will enable better control of plant operation. Their pride and joy is a new induction heating

(Continued on page 34)

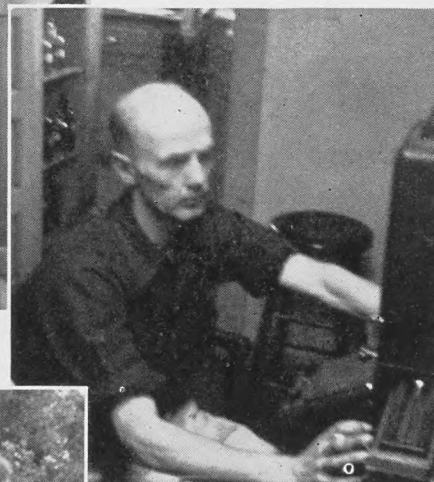
Page Thirty-one



The extension to research lab will be ready in a few weeks.



Gordon Brownridge



Al Lyle—spec-labber.



Sam and Mrs. Donoghue on vacation.

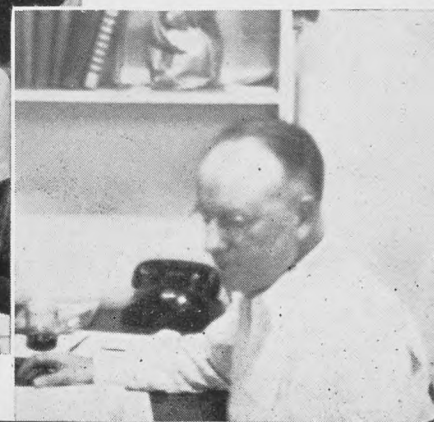


"Numbers" Nicholson works on metallurgical figures.

Frank Wiginton



Bunny Martin brightens up the library.





*Nursing Station. Nurses Sanford and Claggert.*



*View of Hospital from northwest. New wing at right.*

*His Excellency Bishop Lajeunesse, Rev. Sister Larocque, Superior and Sister St. Martin.*

## FLIN FLON GENERAL HOSPITAL OPENS NEW WING

JANUARY 28th, 1952, marked the opening of a much needed new modern wing to the Flin Flon General Hospital. As was fitting on such an occasion, special tribute was given to all who had assisted in bringing to completion an enterprise of such proportions.

With this addition the General Hospital capacity is now 32 beds in the original building, 54 in the new wing and 18 bassinets. The present complement is 32 beds in the old, 40 in the new and 17 bas-

*Congratulations to Sister Larocque from Hon. Ivan Schultz, Minister of Health.*

*Chapel. Altar made and donated by Sorenson Construction Co. Wrought iron work and communion rail made and donated by Jack Coyne.*

*Visiting day. X-ray Room, Sister St. Francis explaining.*

*Demonstration in Operating Room. Nurse Tester threading needle for Mrs. Bob Dadson.*

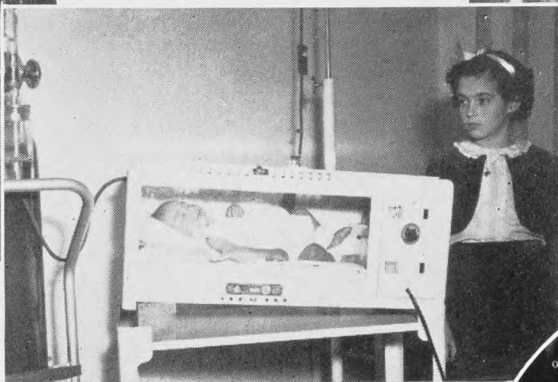
*Sun Room overlooks McIsaac School.*



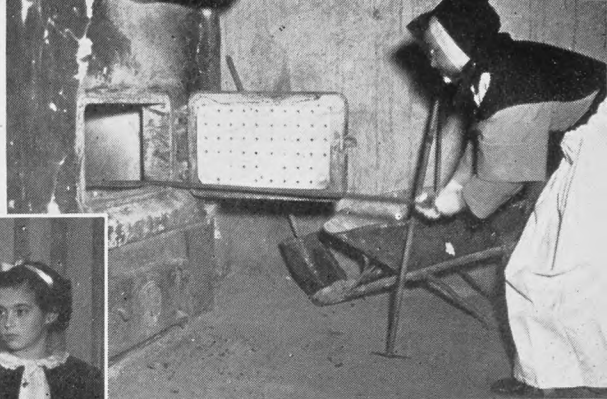


Reception room. Mrs. Mooney and Mrs. McGilvray pouring. Mrs. Havorka standing at left. Mrs. Cyr at extreme right.

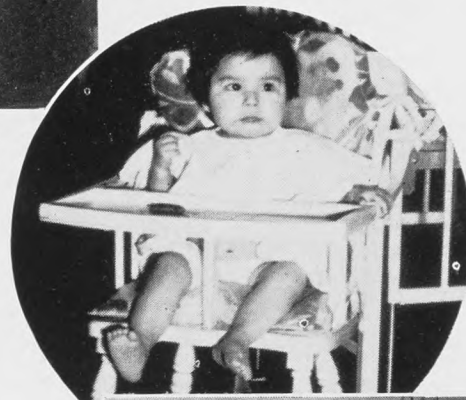
Baby Emile Morin in incubator. Ruby Reid, standing, was incubator baby in 1941.



Baby Marie Elizabeth Caribou, daughter of Emile Caribou, Island Falls.



Sister St. Martin stoking furnace of 50 HP boiler.



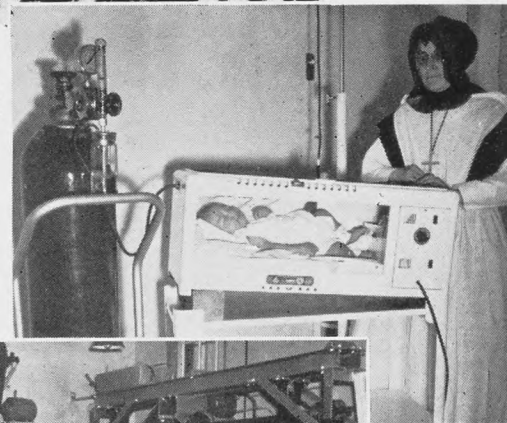
sinettes (also in the new), a total of 89 units.

The presentation of the new wing to the town by His Excellency Bishop Lajeunesse was acknowledged by Mayor Cyril Stev-  
enton. His Excellency thanked all those who contributed in any way to the fulfillment of such a huge undertaking.

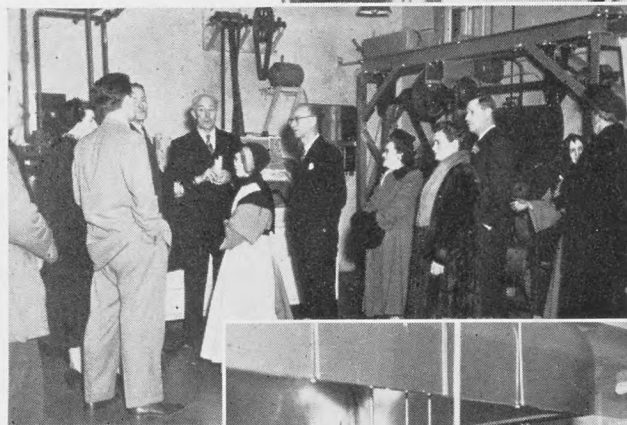
An apt and significant tribute was made by one speaker concerning the work of the Sisters of Charity of St. Hyacinthe. In praise of the quiet, devoted and efficient service of the Sisters, he remarked, "The Sisters are like the shock troops of an army, who bear the brunt of battle but seldom receive any recognition for the part they play."

The General Hospital is fully equipped in every respect with complete facilities for X-ray, an iron lung and such other equipment necessary to the fullest operation of a modern hospital.

Sister Roncourt and baby Morin of Island Falls.



Visiting day in the laundry.



West end view of kitchen. Steam kettle and roaster in foreground.



Nursing display by senior student nurses of St. Anthony's Hospital, The Pas.



Staff cafeteria with opening day visitors.



## MINE

(Continued from page 2)

received electric heating pads which were donated by Gardner Denver (Kipp Kelly). Gordon Syms and Pete Dutcawich took third and fourth prizes respectively in the Main Event. Prizes were Travel Alarm clocks donated by Canadian Longyear Ltd. for third, and Whirlwind Ronson Lighters donated by Thompson Products for fourth.

The Consolation honours were taken by Harry Murray, skip; R. Bassham, C. Berkner, and L. Lavoie. They defeated the Paul Armer foursome to win the fishing rods and reels which were donated by the Mine Underground Sports Association. The Armer rink received Stubby Fishing rods donated by Canadian Industries Limited. Bob Blair and Al Maloney took the third and fourth prizes respectively. Travel bags, donated by the Mine Underground Sports Association, were given to the third prize winners and silver plated tumbler sets donated by Canadian Ingersoll Rand were given out to the fourth prize winners.

The Hard Luck prize was won by Mike Chlan, skip; "Sandy" Morrice, John Barber and Vic Alquire. They came up with a five-ender on the tenth end to overtake Joe Ciprick's four point lead and win the First Aid Kits donated by the Mine Safety Appliances Ltd.

After the finals which were played Sunday, February 3 at 9 p.m., prizes were presented to the winners at a social gathering. Presentations were made to the winners by officials of the Mine Department and also members of the Mine Underground Sports Association Executive.

## MAIN OFFICE

(Continued from page 15)

engraved "B.E.A. 77," meaning that she has received an award from the Business Educators Association for a typing speed of 77 words a minute.

The Auditors from Winnipeg kept things buzzing in all departments of the Main Office during January and February, conducting their annual audit.

Clara Baker, Rita Beauchamp, June Bowes, who recently left the Cafeteria Staff to don the uniform of the W.D.'s (R.C.A.F.) returned to Flin Flon in February for their first leave, looking mighty chipper in their uniforms, too. It was good to see you again, girls, and we wish you continued success in your new careers.

## ZINC PLANT

(Continued from page 18)

aboard H.M.S. Athabasca. He reports a lively time as they are shelling shore installations. His own comment of this picture was "no teeth — so no smile."

How's that for will-power—curling left to the last paragraph. We have been running off games, bringing the events down to the eights in our bonspiel — as we declared a winner this week-end. Our editor has promised to hold the presses so we may give you the name of our champ. There are too many strong rinks left to make any prediction, but our money is on Pete Hume — having been drawn for second on his rink. Pete didn't bring the cars home from Nipawin this year, but we'll forgive him if he gets us the Green trophy.

LATE NEWS — Howard Henry's rink, with Whitey Shepherd, Art Dodds and Al Abar defeated the redoubtable Pete Hume rink to cop the Zinc Plant Bonspiel. In the Consolation Bob Gowenlock defeated Bob Bradt's rink with Kittle, Hart and Sturby. Congratulations!

## RESEARCH

(Continued from page 31)

unit which can melt a handful of cold zinc in less time than it takes to tie your shoelace, so quickly, in fact, that the melting cup can easily be held in the bare hand, even though it's full of hot, fresh-molten zinc. The principle is, of course, the application of internal heat, right in the metal, by means of high frequency electric currents.

Well, fellows, we hope you don't take exception to the quality of the pictures published, we did the best we could with what we had.



Mrs. Phil Simpson snaps her fingers on this one.



Watch Lyle Tester for style -- he hogged this one.

Mrs. Herb Kitchen puts one straight for the front pin.



Mrs. H. O. Peterson (watch that "foul line").



Mrs. Art Patterson keeps 'em low.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Gadd, and Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Harris, winners of Mixed Bowling competition.



## ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT

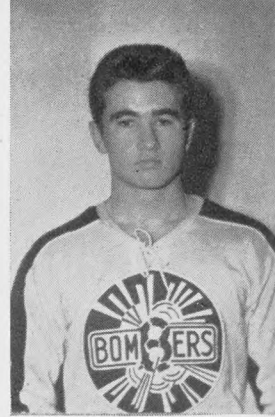
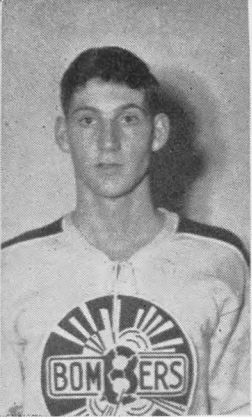
D. M. McRAE

WELL, now that the Bonspiel is over, also the Departmentals and Green trophy play-offs, we can look at the spoils of war that were accumulated during the winter. It seems there were a few theatre tickets won and maybe the odd side of pork, also I believe our super won a glorified frying pan after taking our friend "Jock" Killoh out of the 'spiel. When we begin to look things over the concensus of opinion seems to be, if you intend to stay in this curling racket, you had better move to Willowvale. By the time you reach this haven of peace and quietness, after battling all day amongst the various characters uptown, you are just naturally on the broom, which, I believe, is one of the prime requisites in the making of a curler. After you have mastered this little item you can concentrate on getting the proper weight. Once you have reached this mark of perfection you just naturally have forgotten what little you did know about the broom. Then you set yourself up as a skip and proceed to try and outguess some poor soul who is in a like predicament. This may go on for years. You will likely average around ten fair shots per year. When your average falls below five, you had better get elected to the Executive or President of one of the curling clubs, failing which you could possibly be elected

Bonspiel Secretary, or chairman. If you fail in all these more or less honorary positions, then you had better sit with the rest of the old crocks behind the glass and begin to really enjoy our northern winters and this great game called curling.

We had a fine bunch of pictures for this issue of such characters as the Harris', Gadd's, Stevenson's and Warwick's; at least we thought we had, until in a wild moment we left our photographer, Wm. Sutton all by himself in a dark room and when we at last rescued him, all he had left was a piece of plain celluloid. If there are any pictures on these pages they were all taken in a hurry and show some of our stalwarts hurrying over foul lines while others are creeping up on hog lines.

All our men of distinction seem to have quieted down and I have no reports from the Vital Statistics Department. However, I can report with safety that Saxbee is still doing the worrying, while Douglas does the arguing. McDougall looks over the pictures of fishing rods and reels and Frankie Stewart is still handicapping the ladies' bowling, and Hammerstad is trying to wish his "Cadillac" on someone for a few pieces of silver. The rest of us must be working hard, but that's really expecting too much. I can hardly credit it. So long, folks, see you at the golf links.



GOAL:  
Bob Lalonde

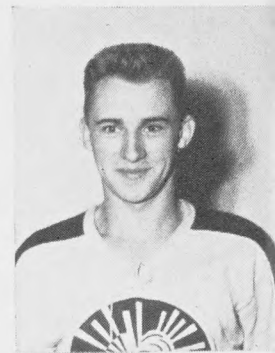
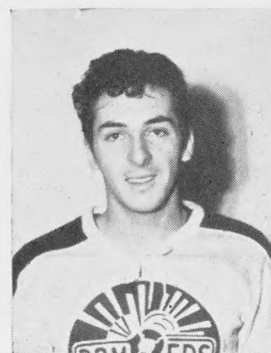
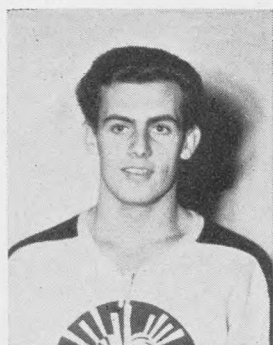
MANAGER:  
Bud Simpson

TRAINER:  
Hec McCaig

GOAL:  
Bill Anderson

FORWARDS:

COACH:  
Alex Shibicki

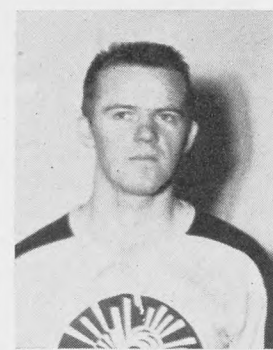
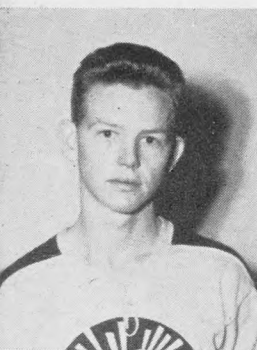


Hugh McKay

Buddy McDonald

Bob Seguin

Al Dacquay



Ken Peterson

Fred Litke



Art Harris

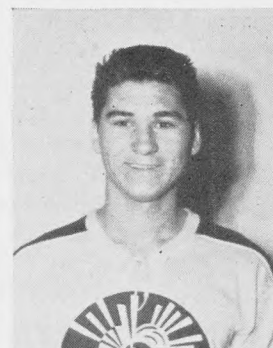


Herb Schiller

DEFENSE:



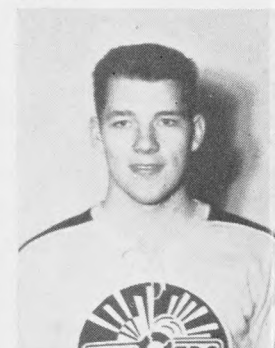
Corky Dadson



Mariowe McDonald



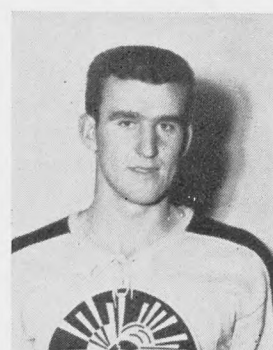
Don Busch



Bill Dobbyn



Don Wishart



Gerry Ehman



Doug Orvis



Fred Creighton

## FLIN FLON JUNIOR BOMBERS

Saskatchewan Junior  
Hockey League 1951-52

IT is perhaps early to forecast what success the Juniors will have in this year's play-offs. At the time of writing all four teams, Prince Albert, Saskatoon, Humbolt and our own Bombers are fairly close in points and the final result is anyone's guess. Age limits prevent the development of players from year to year in the same league and new faces appear each season.

Win or lose, we should be very proud of the Bombers. Apart from their hockey prowess, the boys have been outstanding in behavior and have conducted themselves on the road with much credit to themselves and Flin Flon. One does not usually associate a rugged game like hockey with good manners off the ice, but our aggregation has, just as in years past, been an example of what training and discipline can do for lusty Canadians either inside or outside the rink.

We are proud of them and will follow them into the championship with high hopes.





LAC Sylva Plante and hero worshipper.



Here they are, and not all of them either. They are 75 strong now.

## FLIN FLON AIR CADETS

THE Winter Training period of No. 302 Air Cadet Squadron was high-lighted by a "Wings Parade" held in the Birchview School Auditorium on February 20th.

Sgt. Keith Blair, Sgt. Peter Milton and Corporal Gary Milton received their coveted Wings from Group Captain Lipton, A. F. C., Officer Commanding R. C. A. F. Station, Gimli. The three proud cadets were winners of Flying Training Scholarships granted by the R. C. A. F. last summer. Besides winning their Wings, the cadets continued their flying training at the expense of the local committee and are now licensed private pilots.

Besides regular cadet training, the squadron is competing in the DCRA Winter Rifle competitions and all the boys take part in squadron curling. The strength of the unit increased from 34 to 75 cadets last fall. Training is supervised by three officials and nine instructors, under the command of Squadron Leader Joe Van Nes.

Plans are now under way for a summer program which will include annual inspection in May and summer camp at Abbotsford, B.C., in August.



Corporal Gary Milton, son of Russ Milton receives "Wings" from Group Captain Lipton, A.F.C.



Sgt. Keith Blair is also honoured.

Proud moment for Peter Milton, son of Bob Milton.



Informal chat—  
Squadron Leader  
J. C. Van Nes, D.F.C.,  
and Group Captain  
Lipton, A.F.C.





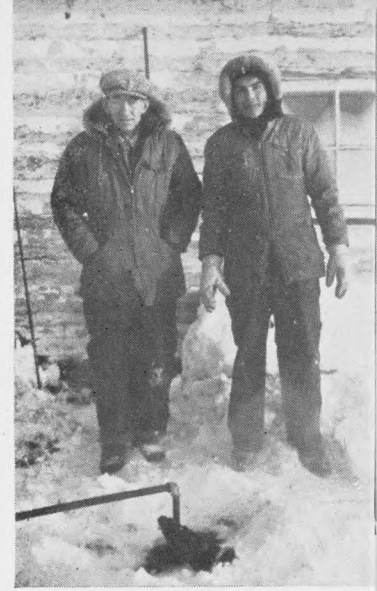
Frank Kirkland and Tom Merasty at work on new houses.



Supt. R. W. Davis stands beside a block of river ice over four feet thick.



Ken Bracken and Angus Bear tuning up Bombardier snowmobile.



Alex Strindlund and Leonard Ray, pipefitting at 35° below zero.

## ISLAND FALLS

W. R. SOUTHWORTH

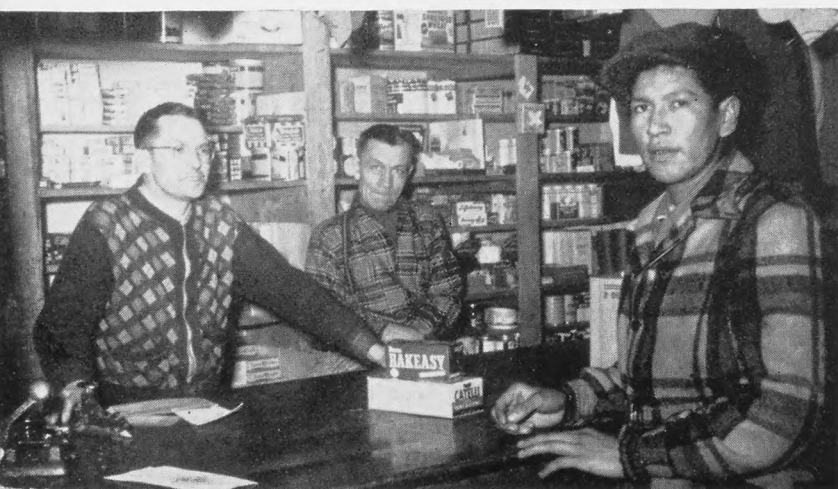
WE have just one new citizen to introduce at this time, namely, Norma Clair, new daughter of Fred and Irene Bowman. Norma was born in Flin Flon on January 24th. This brings the Bowman family up to five members — Dad, Mom, Bob, Linda and baby Norma. A couple of our bachelors have moved on to other jobs recently. Ed Snowball was transferred to the Electrical Department in Flin Flon. Ed graduated from the University of Manitoba in Electrical Engineering in the spring of 1951 and came directly to Island Falls. He was on our operating staff until his transfer in December. Frank Bosworth left us in February to take up work in the oil fields of Texas and Alberta. Frank was

a University of Manitoba Electrical Engineering graduate of 1950 and had been on our operating staff since graduation. We all wish these fellows success in their new jobs and hope they will be able to come back and visit us some time. We're going to miss them around the curling rink.

Island Falls school children staged an enjoyable concert a few days before Christmas. The very favourable comment on this affair was well deserved by the children and much credit must go to our teachers, Gloria Kuleba and Rita Hanrieder, and to Mrs. Otto Christensen who assisted at the piano.

Our New Year's Eve banquet was enjoyed by young and old and all stages in between. The repast of turkey and all the trimmings was bountiful and of excellent quality. An outstanding feature of the meal was a huge cake made in the form of a miniature replica of the power house and surroundings. This artistic culinary masterpiece was the work of our chef, Ed Lomax and his staff. Jack Barkwell was chairman of the general committee responsible for the success of this most en-

Tom Willey and Art Payette serving native customer in commissary.







*Otto Christensen and Sid Brown fishing near Power House through ice fifty-two inches thick.*

joyable evening. Neil Rutherford was the very able Master of Ceremonies. We were pleased to have as our guests of honour from Flin Flon, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Peterson and sons and Mr. and Mrs. Herb Kitchen and son.

We had quite an innovation in our winter freighting this season. The company hauled all our winter freight this year with a big powerful ten-wheel truck instead of the Linn tractors which have been used on this haul for the past twenty-five years. This was the best year for winter freighting in the north for many years. There was very little snow during the early part of the winter and many lakes were covered with four feet of excellent ice. An ideal winter for the big job of moving the town of Sherridon and mining plant north to Lynn Lake and for moving north all the material to build the railway from Sherridon to Lynn Lake, a distance of approximately 150 miles.

The curling section of our community had a fine season. We had nine men's rinks and seven ladies' rinks. With two games scheduled per rink each week this kept our two sheets of ice going quite steady. We were pleased with the showing of our British Consols entry. They tied with the Willow Park rink in the District play-off and lost out in the extra game. Three of our curlers, Jack Barkwell, Stan Ferg and Jack McInnes along with Ross Lennox of Flin Flon, took in the Swan River Bonspiel. They won the B and B trophy (four fine club bags) and the grand aggregate prize of four auto robes. Well done, boys!



*Some of our lady curlers.*



*Myrtle Leslie figuring out a toughie.*



*Both rinks seem happy here.*

## WINNIPEG OFFICE

(Continued from page 5)

been down to Snow Valley a couple of times and found it very good there. Shirley went down to Walhalla last weekend and said that it was really fine. It seems that they have a lot more snow in the States than we have had here.

Spring is on the way now and soon Betty Smith will be getting out her Austin and taking to the roads. I guess the rest of us had better stand clear for a while 'til she gets her technique back.

I notice that Melba Bray has not been getting rides recently to and from work. I guess her brother must have left town or something. It must be nice to have a brother who cares.

# POEMS, PUNS AND PHILOSOPHY

Two modern girls boarded a bus that stood at the terminal. One pulled out a pack of cigarettes. "It's all right if we smoke, isn't it?" inquired one to the driver. "Go right ahead, it won't bother me," replied the driver amiably, "but you will have to stop if any ladies get on."

\* \* \*

Many people who pride themselves on being frank and outspoken are just plain rude.

\* \* \*

"The best thing for you to do," said the doctor to the man with a nervous complaint, "is to stop thinking about yourself and bury yourself in your work."

"Good heaven," said the patient, "I'm a concrete mixer."

\* \* \*

An old lady, who was about to die, told her niece to bury her in her black silk dress, but to cut the back out and make herself a dress.

"Oh, Aunt Mary," said the niece, "I don't want to do that. When you and Uncle Charlie walk up the golden stairs, I don't want people to see you without any back in your dress."

To which the old lady replied, "They won't be looking at me. I buried your Uncle Charlie without his pants."

\* \* \*

"A boy who wants to make the news,  
Aspires to fill his father's shoes.  
His sister aims for something better  
She hopes to fill her mother's sweater."

\* \* \*

If construction costs keep climbing,  
some future president may again be born  
in a log cabin.

\* \* \*

Patient: "What are my chances?"  
Doctor: "Well, don't start any continued stories."

Most of the luxuries, and many of the so-called comforts, of life are not only not indispensable, but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind.

— H. D. THOREAU

\* \* \*

Then take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod,  
It will take root and flourish still, though under foot it's trod.

— D. BOUCICAULT

\* \* \*

Labor disgraces no man; unfortunately you occasionally find men disgrace labor.

—U. S. GRANT

\* \* \*

Blessed be letters — they are the monitors, they are also the comforters, and they are the only true heart-talkers.

— D. G. MITCHELL

\* \* \*

## UNARMED

Diner: "I can't eat this soup."

Waiter: "I'll call the steward."

Diner (when steward arrives): "This soup — I can't eat it."

Steward: "I'll call the chef."

Diner (when chef arrives): "I can't eat this soup."

Chef: "What's the matter with it?"

Diner: "Nothing — I just ain't got no spoon."

\* \* \*

Old days! The wild geese are fighting,  
Head to the storm as they faced it before!  
For where there are Irish there's loving  
and fighting,  
And when we stop either, it's Ireland no more!

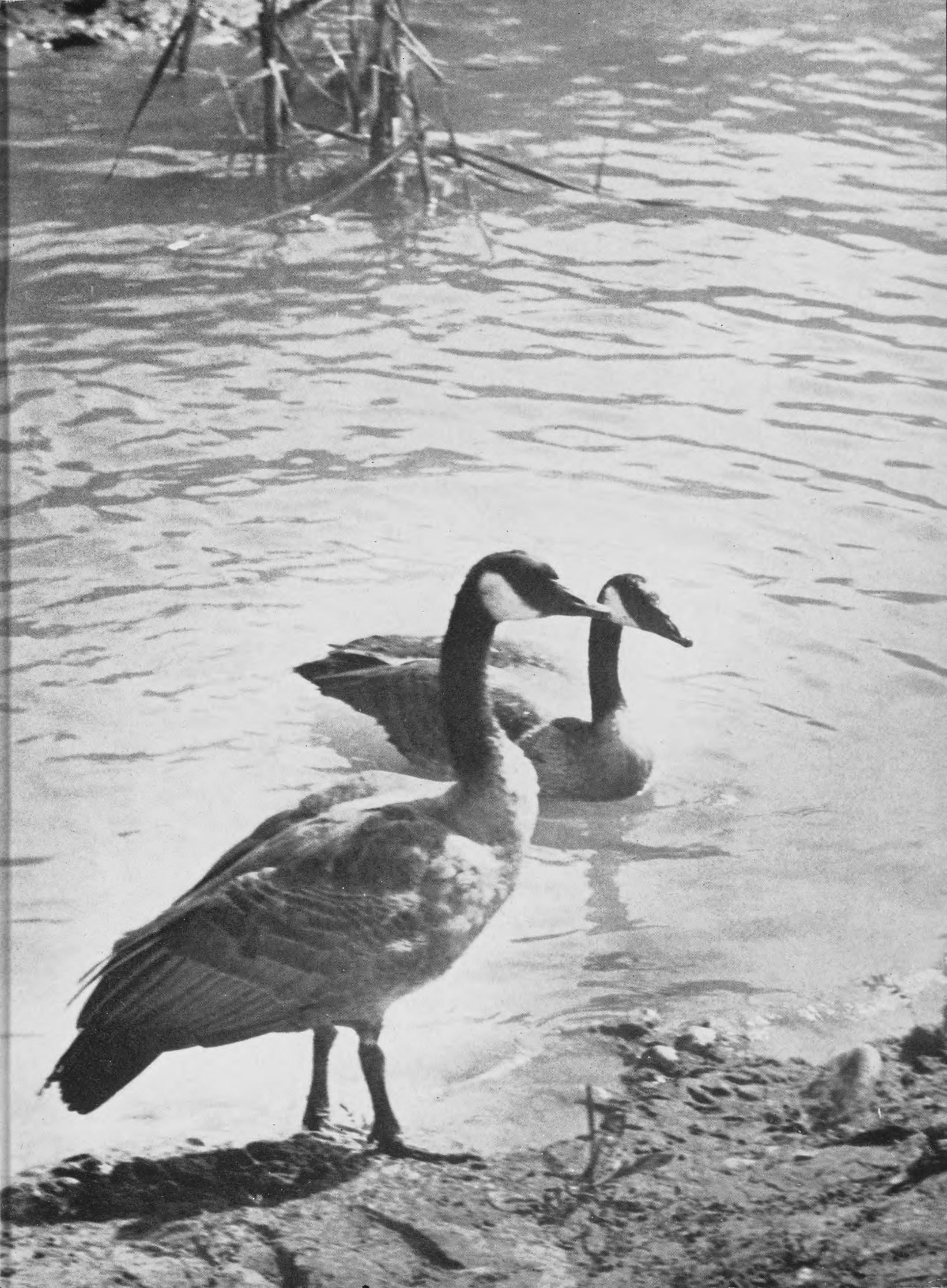
— R. KIPLING

\* \* \*

It is not learning, grace or gear  
Nor easy meat and drink,  
But bitter pinch of pain and fear,  
That makes creation think.

— R. KIPLING







What the world needs today is a little less armchair philosophy and a more practical application of honesty and virtue in every-day living.

It is not sufficient to know the meaning of honesty, we must be honest. The same with tolerance, that our daily labours will be pleasant. And charity too, the real charity which springs from us rather than being imposed on us.

All this is simple, practical and possible for everyone and will bring beauty into our daily lives.